FORTY-FOUR ALDERMEN.

That Number of Municipal Fathers Will Be Elected in Three Months.

Some Good and Some Bad Aldermen Whose Terms Expire.

A Raft of Cabbage-Heads from Annexed Prairies Who Retire to Private Life.

While Some of the Brand-New Aldermen Should Certainly Be Re-elected.

In three short months forty-four members of the City Council are to be elected. Twenty-four of these are Aldermen from the old wards whose terms of two years expire, and the others are the twenty new Aldermen elected last September from the annexed territory.

The names of the outgoing gentlemen are as follows:

Whelan, Vierling, Gorton, Hepburn, Oehmen, E. P. Burke, Love, Dvorak, Cullerton, Wallner, Pond, Campbell, Landon, Weinhardt, Bowler, Kowalski, Young, Horner, Powers, Hage, Ernst, Thos. D. Burke, D. R. O'Brien, Tiedemann, Chapman, Keck, Haynes, Weber, Conway, Fonda, Lucas, Kelly, Riordan, Gahan, Kenny, Pauley, Noble, McKnight, Kerr, Kinney, Jockisch, Gorman, Chasey and O'Neill.

Most of the old city Aldermen have made good records and deserve to be sent back.

This is not true of the country or annexed district Aldermen.

Messrs. Gahan, Haynes, Weber, Conway, Kelly and O'Neill have made creditable records.

Some of the others have been mere laughing stocks, and, as the campaign approaches, THE EAGLE will take great pleasure in showing up to the astonished gaze of their fresh-air constituents some of the leading characteristics of these embryo statesmen.

HANKINS' HELL-HOLE.

What It Costs Its Victims in a Year.

Hankins employs eighty-two men in his gambling house, and their services cost him—or rather the players against the game—as follows:

Four floor managers at $50 per week	$ 200
Eighteen dealers and lookouts at $35 per week	630
Eight hazard dealers at $30 per week	240
Twelve roulette croupiers at $30 per week	360
Three door tenders at $25 per week	75
Twenty "plungers" at $20 per week	400
Six porters at $18 per week	108
One "bouncer"	30
Eight "steerers" at $30 per week	240
Two police court spies at $35 per week	70
Incidentals, gas, etc.	150
Total cost of running house per week	$2,503

Large as this sum is it is but part of the expense which Hankins willingly stands for the privilege of running. Large sums are daily given back to his distressed victims—not through sympathy, but to stop proceedings in police courts. His police court spies are engaged to "fix" the wives or relatives of some victimized players who seek the aid of the law to have their money returned. A man who, under Harrison's administration, was close to Hankins, estimates that the expenses of the establishment are not less than $5,000 per week, or $260,000 per year. The gross earnings of the house are estimated at $650,000 per year, leaving a net profit of $390,000 per year. This enormous sum comes from the pockets of the poor clerks and poorer laborers. Boys are admitted to the house without question, and their meager salaries (and doubtless some of their employers' money) fall into the already well-filled coffers of Hankins and his partners. The "suckers" are betting against a game that enriches the proprietors at the rate of over $1,000 per day.

The EAGLE has published the figures relating to Hankins' earnings before. It cannot publish them too often. They are full of awful facts.

There are 1,250,000 people in Chicago who are taxed to support an expensive city government and a costly police force.

Are they taxed that the laws shall be not enforced and that gamblers shall rule?

Are they taxed in order that their taxmasters shall sit idle by while a trust of blacklegs rules their small businesses of $500,000 a month or $6,000,000 a year?

Can the community stand such a strain on its resources? It cannot.

THE COUNTRY WOMAN.

BY L. E. KIRK.

Before the blacksmith's shop she waits
In her high country wagon sitting,
While the good smith with friendly haste
Her horse's clumsy shoe is fitting.

He pares and measures, stirs his fire;
His hammer blows ringout with shrillness
Into the August afternoon,
Steeped in its dreamy twilight stillness.

With an anxious eye she watches him,
Her busy thoughts are homeward straying;
Shadows grow long o'er field and road,
And weary farmers leave their haying.

High in the elm tree o'er the way,
On sunlight boughs the birds are singing
Their cradle songs above their nests,
Within the whispering sweetness swinging.

She knows at home the patient cows
Stand lowing at the bars to greet her,
And anxious goodman scans the road
And sends the children out to meet her.

She knows the supper fire is lit,
The hearth swept clean, the kettle singing,
The kitchen table cleared to hold
The things from town that she is bringing.

And smiles in honest, rustic pride,
At shrewd, hard bargains she's been making
Of snowy eggs and creamy cheese,
For cloth, and shoes, and "things for bakin'."

The setting sun lights up her face,
Turning its harshness into beauty—
Picture of rustic peace and pride,
Of homely happiness and duty.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.

BY JENNIE DEAN.

About three years ago my sailor friend, Harry Moordale, went as passenger in the ship Tempest, bound to Havre, at which port he arrived in due course of time.

Among other passengers there was a beautiful Swiss girl, whose name Harry learned was Mary Lorme. My friend had ventured once or twice to address the maiden, but her timid, modest, half frightened manner seemed to repel an intimate acquaintanceship. She had informed the young man, however, that she had been to New York to assist a female cousin engaged in the dry goods business; that soon after her arrival there, her relative had died, largely in debt, whereupon Mary had concluded to return home to her father, who, in spite of a severe illness, had, in accordance with an agreement by letter, come to Dijon with the old family coach to wait for her. Having learned this much, Harry took a great interest in the girl, and felt almost bound to act the knight for one in her lonely, defenseless condition.

When the boat, which, among other passengers, contained her and him, struck the landing, Harry politely offered to carry the fair one's carpet-bag. She thanked him with her usual sweet smile. He took the bag, and the young couple entered the diligence which was to carry them to Paris.

There they finally arrived, ten minutes too late for that day's train. The travelers were informed, however, that there was another train at a station fifteen miles distant, preparing to start in five hours.

"Is there no conveyance to that place?" queried Harry.

He was answered in the negative.

"I must go on!" exclaimed Mary. "My father, I am afraid is very sick. I must see him as soon as I can."

"Fifteen miles is a long distance to walk," said Harry.

"Not for me," answered Mary, smiling. "The Swiss, you know, are great walkers; I have been brought up to it almost from infancy."

As her soft, pleading eyes seemed to say, "You must go with me," Harry could not resist the appeal.

They started, moving along the railroad, for there was no other way. When they came to a rut or a log, Harry would extend his hand and assist his pretty companion, when, with a smile and a shake of the head, she would leap over the obstruction as nimbly as a fawn.

They had proceeded about ten miles when they saw the sun go down behind a range of blue hills in the distance. The two were now moving along a high bridge raised upon spiles about two hundred and fifty feet from the earth, while beneath it was rock and inundated here and there by foaming torrents.

Ahead of them the travelers perceived that a distance of about one hundred yards there were no cross planks between the rails. Therefore, in order to traverse this space, Mary and her companion must walk upon the track. Unfortunately the track was not very broad, yet a person of steady balance, capable of maintaing his self possession, in spite of the yawning abyss on each side of him, might occasionally derive support from the beam projecting outward several inches beyond each side of the track, which was rivited upon it.

Frail support, however, with those jagged rocks two hundred feet below, ready to receive the unfortunate ad venturer who should make the slightest misstep.

Harry paused, looked at his fair friend and shuddered.

"We had better turn about," said he.

"Are you afraid?" she softly inquired. Then as his cheek glowed hotly—"For my sake, I mean!"

"For your sake, yes."

Mary smiled.

"I have been on the Alps," she said, "following those who hunted on the icy ruins of precipices for the chamois. Therefore, why should I shrink now?"

Still Harry hesitated. A rail was different from the edge of a precipice, and the young man shook (saved he could already hear Mary's piercing shriek—could almost see her form cleaving the air headlong toward those dangerous rocks beneath.

Meanwhile twilight was gattering; the crimson hues on the sky were melting away in shadows. The travelers, if intending to attempt the perilous crossing, had better do so now while light enough remained.

So said Mary, and her glance was firm, her cheek unblanched as she spoke.

"Let me go alone," she continued, "then if anything should happen to me, you will not feel responsible. Go, however, I must, for perhaps my father lies dying. If so, I will see him before he breaths his last!"

"Come, then," said Harry; "keep hold of my jacket to support yourself as we go. If I should stumble, however, do not hesitate to let go of me. Otherwise, you too, will be dragged down!"

Mary silently nodded her head in token of assent, and the two started. They kept on slowly, carefully, and steadily, until a sudden heavy gust of wind made the girl reel! She stopped, and while endeavoring to recover her balance, saw the dark rock below, and thrilled with terror.

Over — over — over — farther and farther; she pressed her lips tightly together—she made one last superhuman effort, still endeavoring to recover her balance. An inch farther and that balance were lost and she precipitated upon those jagged rock 200 feet beneath. Now, however, she raised her left arm, and that saved her. She slowly regained her upright position, and the two continued their course, Harry unable, without certain destruction, to turn his head, ignorant of his companion's late narrow escape.

They had only accomplished half their perilous walk when the night gloom gathered around them. They must traverse the rest of the way in darkness!

"Steadily," whispered Harry, encouragingly; "for God's sake don't falter now!"

She answered him firmly, "I will not," and she tightened her hold of his jacket.

At that moment they felt the rail quiver beneath them — a strange, humming noise was heard. It grew louder every moment — louder and louder — until suddenly the gleam like that of a bloodshot eye was seen bursting through the darkness far ahead.

"The locomotive!" gasped Mary. "My God! What can we do now?"

She was right. It was the train bound to Paris, sweeping along at full speed, breathing thunder, steam, and fire. Nearer and nearer it came, roaring and rattling, with its whistle screaming. The rail now shook so that the travelers could scarcely keep their balance.

What matter whether they did or not? What power could save them now? They were apparently doomed to certain destruction with that fearful train sweeping toward them!

On, on—nearer, nearer, nearer. It was soon less than three miles distant!

The young couple stood still; each could hear the beating of the other's heart, for Mary's arms now were around Harry's waist.

Ahead of them an approaching locomotive—on each side of them a yawning abyss—their only support a slender rail. All hope died from their hearts!

"We must prepare!" gasped the girl. "We must die! God help us!"

"Oh!" murmured Harry suddenly, "if I only had a rope I might possibly do something to help us!"

"A rope—thank Heaven! There is one in my carpet-bag. A line upon which my cousin used to hang her hosiery!"

As quickly as the situation would permit, Harry unslung from his neck the carpet-bag, and, opening it, took out the rope, which was quite long and about as thick as a clothes-line. One end of this he fastened around Mary's breast just beneath the armpits; the other end, by carefully stooping upon his knees, he contrived to reeve through and fasten in one of the holes between the timber and the rail.

The train was now less than a mile distant—in one minute it would reach the spot occupied by the imperiled travelers. On it came booming along, while the rail shook as if going to pieces. Steam, thunder, fire, and smoke!

"God help us!" screamed Mary. The next moment she felt a sudden jerk, and became aware that she was dangling in mid-air beneath the rail.

Her heart almost leaped to her throat. A long, dark object swept above her, crashing, rattling, thundering—it was the train!

"All right!" said the encouraging voice, as the cars disappeared in the darkness. "Thank God!"

She looked up and saw Harry clinging to the upper part of the rope. He swung himself quickly to the rail, and carefully drew her up. Then, with the help of the rope, the two were enabled, to walk the rest of the rail with hearts more than before.

Soon they were out of danger, when, with streaming eyes, Mary sank on her knees and thanked God for her and her companion's preservation. They reached the Dijon train in good time, and subsequently arrived at Mary's place of destination in safety.

The girl found her father dying, but he lived long enough to give her his parting blessing. Harry, now feeling that she needed a protector more than ever, proposed, after remaining six weeks at Dijon, to make her his wife.

She consented—they were married—he brought his bride to the United States—and they are now living happily and contented in a pleasant home, near Harlem, New York, within hearing of the steam trains. Need I add that they never hear the thunder noise of the approaching cars without thinking of that night of peril on the rail.

EMIN BEY AND HIS WORK.

In person Emin is a slender man, of medium hight, and tough and wiry figure. He is swarthy with black eyes and hair. His face is that of a studious professional man, and that impression is heightened by the glasses which he always wears. His attitude and movements are, however, very alert. He stands erect and with his heels together, as if he had been trained as a soldier. He was always reticent about himself, and his history was known to no one in the Soudan or the Province of the Equator. He was supposed to be a Mohammedan. I am not sure that he ever said that he was, but I am quite sure that he did not deny it when I knew him. It has become known later that he is a German, of university education; but there were many at that time who thought that he was a Turk of extraordinary acquirements. He is certainly a man of great ability in many ways, and of strong character. Just why such a man should have gone where he has and stayed there is hard to see. Probably it was largely force of circumstances and a spirit of adventure. Certainly when he went there there was no prospect of much pay or distinction, and he was actuated by no great philanthropic ardor. Responsibilities gradually came upon him and he rose to them. It is easy to see how, in a character like Emin's—sympathetic, reflective, and enthusiastic—noble purposes were developed with a noble example before him and great opportunities around him.

Emin's uncertain power in a savage land is all that remains of the late Khedive's Central African empire. One day in Khartoum Gordon asked me what I thought would be the future of the Equatorial Provinces. I said the power will gradually return to the Arabs; the negroes will kill their friends and tormentors together, and the good old times of war and famine will come back. I am still of that opinion. Unless the enlightenment of Europe can control the upper Nile country, either through the Soudan or from the south, barbarism will control it.—*Col. H. G. Prout, in Scribner.*

AN HISTORIC CHURCH.

The historic West Church, overlooking Cambridge street, Boston, is a brick building with a wooden belfry. It is a feeble expression of the cold and torpid architecture of the Italian Renaissance, but the open space before it gives it an air of dignity and reserve. The unpainted pews of pine date back to early in the present century. The gallery is supported by tall, white Corinthian columns, and the pulpit, a massive affair of solid mahogany, well carved, is perched high above the heads of the people. One of the pastors was the father of James Russell Lowell, who says: "In my early years I thought that pulpit to be the highest effort of human skill in architecture." The crimson drapperies behind it, mellowed by age, add to the quaint effect. It is singular that gas has never been introduced into the church, and it has never been used for evening services or secular purposes. It is said that the first Sunday School in New England was organized within its walls in 1812. The character of the locality has entirely changed since its first bell summoned from the vicinity a rather select congregation. The majority of the old residences have passed through the descending scale of boarding houses, tenements, liquor shops and—worse. Dr. Barthold has been the bond that held together the remnant, weak and small, but loyal to the old church where their fathers worshiped. His resignation means that the West Church becomes simply "an ancient landmark that the fathers have set." It is now proposed to convert the building into a branch of the Public Library for the convenience of the west end.—*Correspondent Worcester Spy.*

AN AMERICAN PATRIOT ABROAD.

The sleeping car porter of America is a national emblem. He will live here, but when he attempts to cut a wide swath abroad he is a failure. It is said that one of the guild once thought Europe would be a fine field for an attentive and experienced servant like himself. He went to France, Russia, Germany and England and Italy, but he found none of the liberality of the traveler in America.

After going all over the countries named, he at last brought up at Geneva. He looked about the town, and in his walk he came upon the hall of the Town Council. He entered the auditorium, and while standing there caught sight of a bust at one end of the apartment. He went over and stood in front of it. Then he got down on his knees and, removing his hat, raised his eyes to the bust and said:

"I thank you for discovering America!"

It was the bust of Columbus.